No. 2410.—Vol. 94. THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES August 3, 1907.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

## KILLED BY A LION: TRAGEDY IN A THEATRE.

A man was killed by a lion last Sunday night after a terrible fight in a dressing-room of the Gloucester Palace of Varieties. The lion was one of a troupe of seven or eight performing animals. The man who was killed was Joseph Hasselman. He was cleaning out the cages when one of the brutes escaped into a dressing-room. He tried to drive it back into its cage, and the animal became furious and attacked him. His screams attracted the lady trainer, who pluckily entered the room and tried to drive the lion off with her whip. The beast, however, attacked her and drove her from the room. Hasselman was by this time unconscious. Finally it occurred to some one to use the theatre fire hose, and a powerful stream of water was turned on the lion. This quickly subdued him, and he was driven back into his cage. Hasselman, who was terribly mangled, died on his way to the hospital.

# Electricity v. Medicine.

## AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION OF AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

THIS subject is one that is occupying a prominent place in the experiments of all progressive medical men. The success attained with electricity has even astonished some of its strongest advocates. Dr. Poore, writing upon the subject of electricity in one of his well-known works, says: "No other single therapeutical agent is so generally useful, or admits of so many and such varied applications—for some of which it stands alone and supreme." That opinion is shared by all those who have made a close study of the subject. The wonderful success of electricity in cases where drugs have utterly failed has forced belief in the efficacy of the latter almost to the vanishing point. "Electricity is the medicine of the future," writes another authority.

The following interesting article by Professor Edgar L. Larkin, discussing "The New Physiology," is illustrative of the trend of thought: "The trend of science is toward electricity on all sides. Discoveries made hour by hour point to one grand conclusion—the substratum of nature is electricity. Life, force, and mind are intimately related with it. All animals are mere electrical machines. A man, brain and body, is a battery, and nerves correspond to wires. It is now certain that transmission over them is electric. The human system is an electro-chemic battery, and the life principal is electrical. The electric age is here. Drugs are hard hit on all sides, and an intelligent physician tells me that he has almost entirely stopped their use. The word health now means a normal supply of electricity in the body, and the word disease means an insufficiency of that power."

That electricity is a powerful curative agent is a fact too well known to require further illustrative proofs. It is a positive cure for all Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervousness, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, and Bowel complaints, and all forms of weakness.

How many men and women are going through life mere pigmies of what they should be! They lack interest in everything—enjoy nothing. And why? Because they are weak, which means that they lack electricity. Such persons can be made strong and robust, perfect specimens of health and vigour. The means is easy and simple. An electric current flowing into their nerve centres at night while they sleep, and in the morning there is a transformation.

A body battery has been invented for applying electricity to the nerve centres. It is called "Ajax" Dry-Cell — requires no charging, generates a strong current, and is always ready for use. It has cured thousands, and is certain in every case undertaken. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., one of the best-known Scientific Electrical Experts in Great Britain, has this to say of it: "I have in the course of my experiments with the 'Ajax' Body Battery, which have now extended over several weeks, tested its powers in various ways rather severely, and am bound to admit that the results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations."

An interesting book of eighty pages has recently been published. It is full of interesting facts, and free to anyone who writes for it. Every person, man or woman, who is not what he or she should be should write for this book at once. It will point out the way whereby the blessings of perfect health can be enjoyed. It is based upon the latest standard works, and contains many valuable opinions and much useful information. A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 52), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once in a plain, sealed envelope. Our advice is free also. This new method has been awarded the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit.

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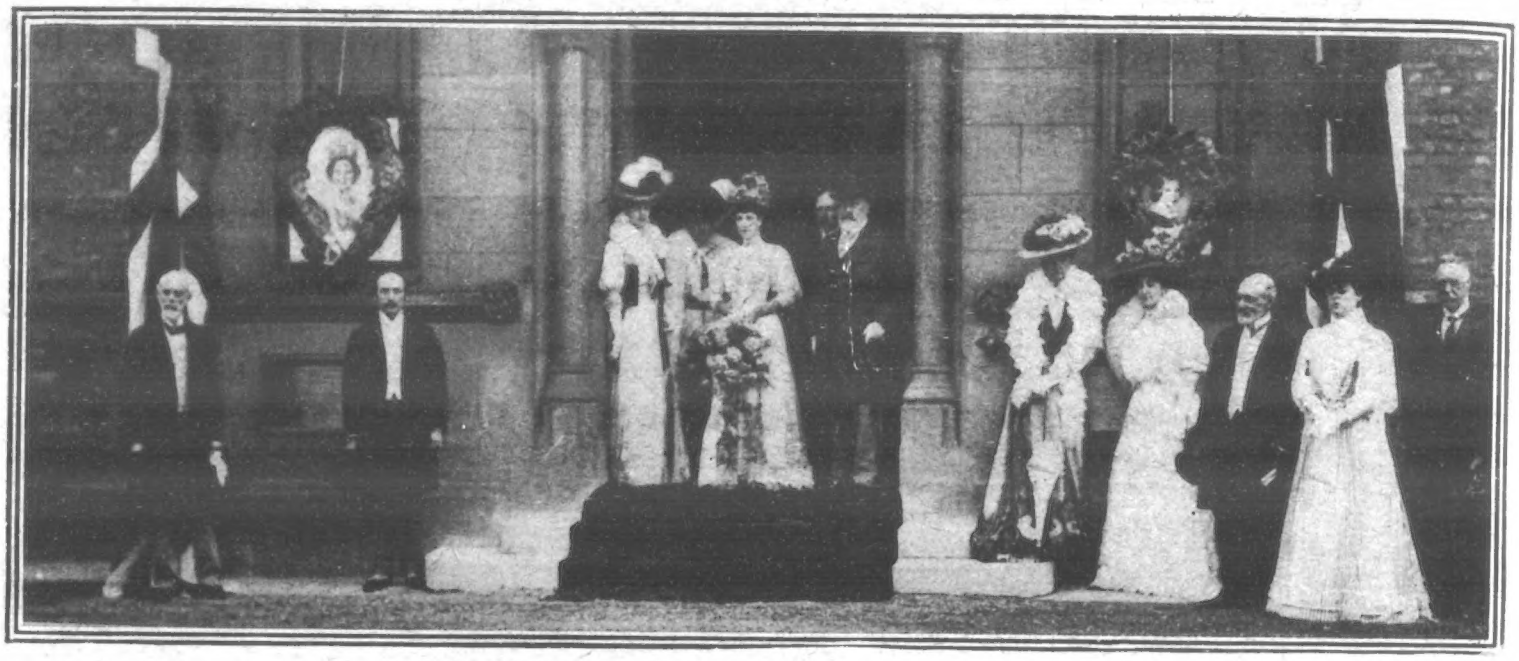
# THE KING AND QUEEN AT WANDSWORTH.



*Photos, Topical.*

Last week King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited the Royal Patriotic Asylum at Wandsworth Common, where the King unveiled a tablet commemorating the institution's jubilee. Our first photo. shows (in the doorway) Princess Victoria; the Duchess of Connaught; the Queen; the Duke of Connaught; the King. Our second: School-children cheering the King; and the third, a pathetic incident: the King and Duke of Connaught uncovering before a picture of their late mother, Queen Victoria.

CHAPTER III. *(continued).*

THERE are people who will tell you that actors and actresses rarely, if ever, really enjoy themselves on the stage—that is to say, get genuine amusement out of their part—but, believe me, they are wrong, for in "Blue Bell," at any rate, I believe that Miss Ellaline Terriss thoroughly enjoyed the games we used to have in the garret where we were supposed to live, especially when we all fed the thin cat who jumped through the window. Yes, those were very happy days, despite all the hard work, and the time passed extraordinarily quickly.

After the expiration of the run of "Blue Bell" I continued my studies until the next Christmas, when I returned to my old, and first, theatre, The Coronet where I played Sesame in "The Forty Thieves." I don't know that I can remember anything particularly exciting happening during this engagement except that, one evening, I received a most amusing letter from a schoolboy who evidently was under the impression that, in figuring in a piece with a title of "The Forty Thieves" I was running a grave danger of mixing with unwholesome company.

He wrote me as follows:—"Dear Miss Phyllis Dare, Please excuse the liberty I take in writing to you when I have not had the honour of being introduced to you. Still, as we are just about the same age you will, doubtless, understand that my motives are to defend you and to warn you that, being mixed up with such rascals as forty thieves will not do you any good. I feel sure that you are the sweetest little girl in the world and therefore I hope you will not remain in such bad company any longer. My master at school—I am very advanced for my years—tells me that English men and women can always get protection from the Police, and so I hope you will get some Officers from Scotland Yard to watch after you while you remain with 'The Forty Thieves.' Once again apologising for my boldness in writing to you.

Yours etc."

Evidently this youthful admirer was a very earnest theatre-goer indeed and perhaps it is as well that no murders were committed in this pantomine, otherwise, doubtless, he would have endeavoured to start an uproar in the theatre.

After leaving the Coronet Theatre I took a long rest, and as my "walking" governess left me to go to Switzerland to "take unto herself a husband," I once returned to school and, for a whole year, studied hard. Indeed, I almost began to forget the time when I was an actress—for "make-up," rehearsals, stage dresses, and so on and so forth, seemed but dreams of the dim, dim past. All this long time of rest I worked most conscientiously, for I had become deeply interested in the stage as a profession, and fortunately realised that I should never prove competent to play really important parts when I grew up unless I had gone through the usual "drudgery" lessons.

It was just about this time, however, that the picture-postcard craze, which has now grown to such an enormous extent, was beginning to become popular, and I can well remember how jealous my school friends were whenever I was sent any postcards to sign. A little later on I should like to tell you some of the peculiarities of the picture-postcard craze, for by this time I may claim to be rather an authority on the subject, having probably during the last two years signed anything from 75,000 to 100,000 postcards.

By-the-way, when first I used to receive postcards to sign I invariably took the messages written thereon most seriously, and so one morning, when I found a postcard addressed to me on which was written: "I fell in love with you the first time I ever saw you, and shall determine to win you by fair means or foul," I almost fainted through fright. Indeed, for weeks, as I daily wended my way to school, I always avoided walking on the pavement, fearful lest this horrible person should pounce out from behind some alley or area and carry me off.

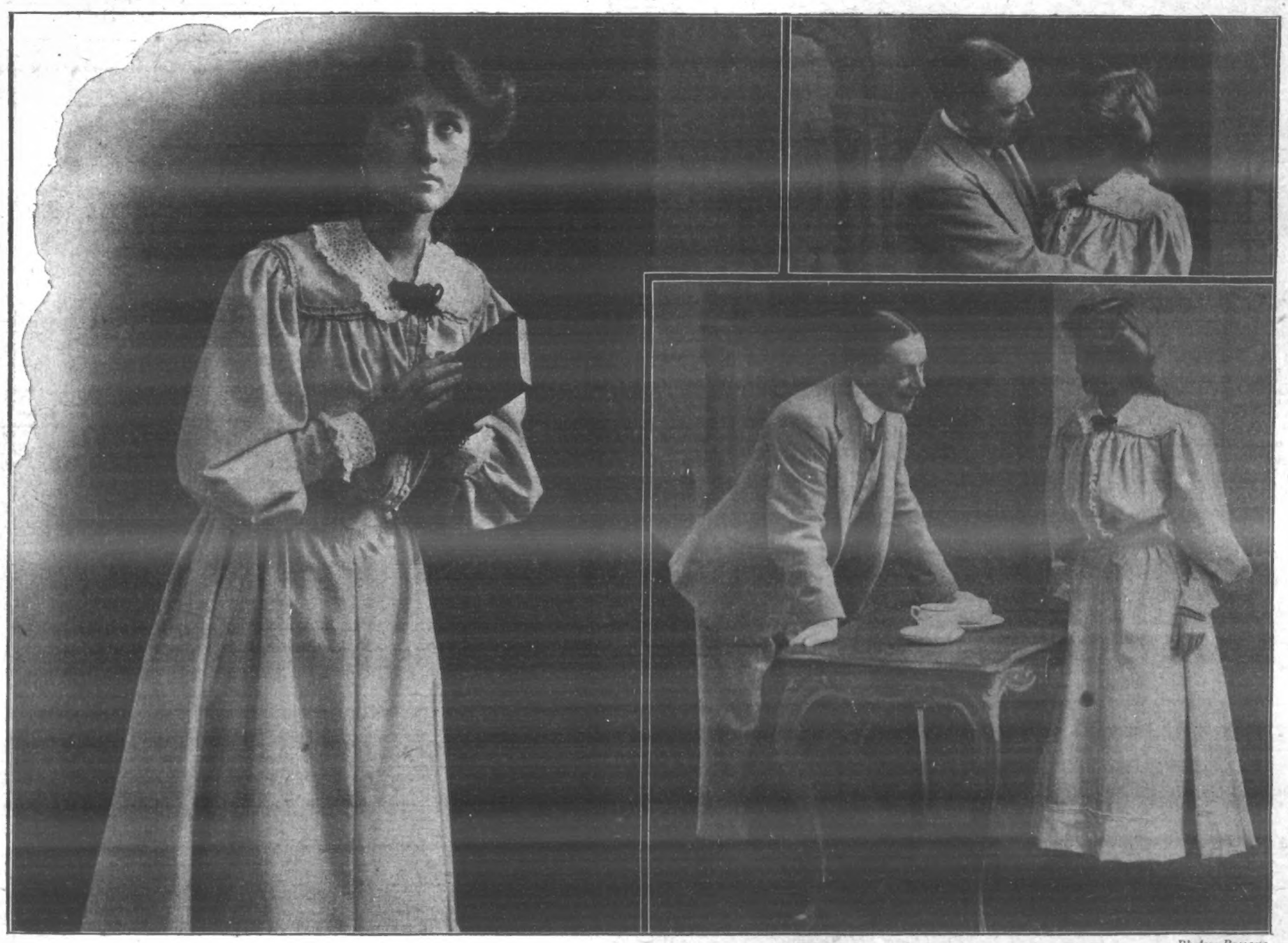
Fortunately, however, the letters I have received from unknown admirers have not always been of this alarming character, and very soon I will give you extracts from my letter-bag, in which, from time to time, some extraordinary communications have found their way. Certainly truth is stranger than fiction when applied to the letters an actress receives.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME LOVE LETTERS I HAVE RECEIVED—A CURIOUS REQUEST.

After appearing once more at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, in "The Babes in the Wood," I returned to school again; but fate, apparently, had decreed that my studies should be interrupted at frequent intervals, for in September, 1905, I had offered to me such a good part that—well, none of us like to refuse really good things, do we?—so it was accepted for me at once. And, strange to relate, this chance came to me simply by a lucky fluke.

My sister Zena, who had created the part of the Duchess of St. Jermyns, in "The Catch of the Season," was forced to relinquish her part on account of having to fulfil a previous contract elsewhere; so for a time Miss Ellaline Terriss (Mrs. Seymour Hicks) played the part of the Duchess. However, unfortunately, shortly after she had taken up the part Miss Terriss was taken ill, and had to have a long rest—so then I



*Photos. Bassano.*

**MISS PHYLLIS DARE IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.**

This was a great event in the life of Miss Phyllis, for, taking her sister Zena's part of Angela, she leapt in a bound to the proud position of leading lady in a West End Theatre. Our photographs show her with Mr. Stanley Brett, the brother of Mr. Seymour Hicks, who played the young Duke during his brother's absence from the part.

was engaged as the new Angela by Mr. Stephano Gatti.

I was only just fifteen at the time, and when I heard that I had been selected to play such an important rôle, I almost fainted with fright, for I never imagined for a moment that, with my limited experience, I could make a success of a part which everyone was talking about. Still, somehow or other, things worked out all right, and everyone connected with the theatre treated me with the greatest kindness and sympathy. But as long as I live I shall never forget the terrible nervousness I felt on the first night. Only once, indeed, since then have I been seized with such an attack of "the shivers," and that was when I returned from Brussels to play Miss Edna May's part in "The Belle of Mayfair," a year or so later.

I often wonder whether an audience has any idea of the sensations an actress sometimes goes through on a first night. I don't suppose, however, that one person in a thousand really understands what an ordeal it is—especially to a girl who has only just left school—so that it may, perhaps, be interesting if I describe exactly how I felt the first time I played Angela.

As I walked up the narrow passage leading to the stage-door, I noticed long queues of people waiting for admittance, while outside in the Strand rows and rows were lining up near the early doors. Just for a moment I almost turned round and ran away.

"Oh! to hide myself where no one could possibly find me!" I thought, as my heart beat like a sledge-hammer, until, indeed, I fancied people must have heard its thuds. Then all of a sudden I realised what a horrible coward I should be if I were to run away. After all, the worst I could possibly do would be to make a huge failure—and lots of actresses far more talented than I have failed on innumerable occasions. So I just set my teeth, and as I passed through the stage door I made a mental resolve to make a success that night. In my dressing-room, on the table, was a great pile of telegrams wishing me luck, and this fact did not tend to lessen my nervousness, as it drew my attention to the widespread interest taken in my appearance. Still, there was nothing to do but to make the best of things, so I busied myself in "making up."

Suddenly, just as I was putting the finishing touches to the plain grey dress I wore in the first act, I heard the call-boy's shrill voice outside my door calling out, in high-pitched tones, "Miss Phyllis Dare, please!" For a moment that unnerved me, but my dresser's kindly "Good luck, Miss," as I left the room, cheered me up quite a lot.

Once again, setting my teeth, I walked down to the stage to await my cue. But as I stood by the draughty wings I happened to get a glance at the front of the house. Through a sort of mist I saw a great sea of faces gazing expectantly for my appearance. It was too terrible! I felt quite unstrung to think that so many people were waiting to see me. Unconsciously I clutched the scenery as if for support. "I can't go on! I can't go on!" I said to myself, as, with closed fist, I tightly gripped one of my gloves—"why should I, fresh from school, be subjected to an ordeal of this sort?" I seemed to be shaking all over. I heard my cue, and realised that perhaps the most important moment of my life had arrived. Should I be tried and found wanting? With my heart literally in my mouth and feeling the most insignificant person in the world I went on the stage—and then at last I forgot that I was Phyllis Dare. My nervousness vanished, I was not myself any more, I was just Angela.

During the run of "The Catch of the Season" everyone was tremendously kind to me, the press, public, and members of the company alike, while, for the first time in my life, I received whole batches of letters from admirers in the audience, some of which were so amusing that I have hunted them out so that you may get some idea of the sort of communications an actress sometimes receives from people she has neither seen nor even heard of. Next week I will give you some of the hundreds of letters I have received from absolute strangers during my short career on the stage. Many of them are very pathetic, whilst many are absolutely humorous. The vast majority are from would-be lovers of all stations in life, and impudence is not their least characteristic.

*(To be continued.)*

**BUDDING BLUEJACKETS.**

**Miss Macnamara distributing prizes to the young cadets on the training-ship "Exmouth" last Saturday.**

**On Friday last Marie Josephine Leslie, known as the "Kennel Maid," was sentenced by Mr. Justice Darling to five years' penal servitude. Mr. Muir told how the accused was a married woman living apart from her husband, and how in September of last year she became kennel maid to a lady living near Taplow. Both Miss Blount and Mrs. Stokes, a widow—ladies with small fortunes—were staying at the house. The prisoner obtained money from these ladies to invest in a syndicate. She claimed as one of her friends from childhood Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and said that in consequence of investments he was making for her she was in process of acquiring an enormous fortune. The money, however, was principally spent on racing and dress, and in the end came arrest. The Judge in passing sentence said he was satisfied that she was of unsound mind, but he was going to leave the question to the Home Secretary.**

# TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION

## Do We Need Old-Age Pensions?

### FOR.

THERE is one subject which the working-man, no matter how brave and ready to face the world for good or ill, tries to shut from his mind. This is the future. But it haunts him; it creeps into his daily life; it oftentimes takes the heart out of his work, and tempts him to give up the bitter struggle for existence, for there is no hope for the future of millions of wage-earners at the present day. Their lot is to work on till they drop, and then face the alternatives of starvation or the workhouse; and how many are there, knowing what they do, who choose the latter while there is even only the freedom of the gutter or the hedge-side?

Wiseacres never weary of discussing the pet problem of improving the lot of the working-classes. They are brimful of schemes which will make humble homes happier by the institution of public libraries, swimming-baths, open spaces, and better sanitation. All these things, and a hundred more, they regard from their personal point of view as imperative to the happiness of the masses. But they shut their eyes to the truth, the undeniable fact that the greatest curse of this country lies in the knowledge that men who have laboured and toiled with their brains and bodies are cast off when they have yielded up their last ounce of strength—when, from the employer's point of view, they are as useless as the machinery he "scraps."

It is all very well to preach the gospel of thrift, taking as the text the example of the few who have put by for a rainy day. But those who dwell and work among the labouring and artisan classes know very well that at the present day, when rents are yearly going up and almost every household necessity with them,

#### The Problem of Saving

has become one which only the fortunate few can solve with anything like success, and this at the sacrifice of many of the simple wants of life and all its pleasures during the best years of a lifetime. Even those who are able to set aside some part of their earnings in order to furnish a haven where they can spend their declining years have small chance of doing more than keep hunger from their homes, and there is no certainty about even this poor comfort.

The time has come when a nation which accepts the services of its people must be prepared to pension them when old age withdraws them from the field of active work. It is a system which humanity recognises in one direction and ignores in another. Is it, to put a simple case, just that the nation should admit that pensions are a necessity in the case of those who work directly for it, and shirk all responsibility with regard to those who are toiling not less usefully for the universal benefit? The "Government servant" must not starve, but the men who erect the building for the Government servant to live in may go to the wall when they are no longer needed. Does the country owe nothing to the millions of men who are the servants of the public, and who devote their whole ability to performing their share in maintaining the prosperity of the kingdom? Is it good enough that there is

#### No Reward for Sound Citizenship

but taxation—and the promise of still further taxation?

As to the benefit that old-age pensions would bring, there can be no uncertainty. There are those who point foremost to the relief of the aged poor; the rescuing of those who are homeless and without food, yet have played their part usefully in the world. But we believe that the greatest blessing that pensions for all must bring about would be in relieving the working classes from contemplating the misery that confronts them when they are ruled out of the race for life. Here is a grand national asset: Hope for the worker when his day is done; freedom from the terrible thought that each year lived, each task accomplished, brings him nearer the day when his fate is at the mercy of charity; when he will have no claim to be regarded otherwise than as a decrepit, played-out atom of humanity, waiting only the call of death. The horrors of poverty and the scourge of disease would vanish if the State took upon itself the care of the aged, and granted them as their right pensions which would enable them to live out their lives as self-respecting citizens, in the knowledge that they were enjoying the rest which their working years had entitled them to, and were not the pitiable objects of organised charity, looked upon as a tax on the pockets of the benevolent.

Again, there can be no denial that a great deal of the crime which blackens the world is due to the desperate straits of those to whom the fear of starvation at the close of their earthly existence drives to commit deeds which would never be contemplated if the goal of life were honourable old age. Much of the discontent which is growing among the working classes would vanish were the nation to come forward with the splendid gift of pensions for all those who had won for themselves the right to this recognition of their services during years of activity, and to whom the country could cry gratefully—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

### AGAINST.

What is a pension? According to the programme of those who propose to place the aged beyond want, it is the provision of a sum of five shillings a week for all persons aged sixty-five and upwards. How many of us are there who will rejoice and look forward to a happy old age on five shillings a week? And this is a serious proposal, put forward by men of sound mind who must have some idea of the purchasing value of five shillings. Rent, food, and clothes on five shillings a week is the practical outcome of the present old-age pensions scheme.

It is pointed out that there are thousands of men and women who live on this weekly sum. "Exist" would be a better word, and exactly to describe their wretched state we must say that death is kept from the door (if they can boast one) by this miserable pittance. That there is any prospect of a higher bid for the support of the old-age pension programme by sane men and women is disproved by the fact that to provide even this beggarly sum per head it would cost the country something like £30,000,000 annually. How is this sum to be raised? In the first place, it should be distinctly understood that any question of charity must be removed. At least, it may be safely presumed that men and women who belong to the class it is proposed to "benefit," have no desire to be pensioned off like paupers.

#### They Are Not Going to Take Alms,

even from a paternal Government. We may place the voice of the people behind that statement. Charity for all is not their idea of an old-age pension.

It becomes inevitable, therefore, that the thirty million pounds must be raised by some means which fall on the workers and the wealthy alike. The only solution is taxation, and the amount raised in this manner would require a tax of 12s. 6d. per head on the population of the country. Millions of hard-working men would be called upon to assist in raising a sum for the provision of a worthless weekly dole which they may never need themselves. We cannot get away from this truth. It is not likely that the nation would be directly taxed for the maintainance of a pension fund, but the tax would have to fall somewhere, and naturally it would be placed by indirect taxation of some commodity in daily use by all classes. The suggestion that the tax should be made to fall on the rich only will be indignantly dismissed by all honourably minded men. Such a proceeding would be nothing less than establishing a scheme for charitable relief on a gigantic scale. This is not to be endured for one moment. To be acceptable, Old-Age Pensions must mean pensions indiscriminately given; yet here again we are confronted by an obstacle. If some description of

#### Inquiry into the Private Lives of Applicants

for pensions were not instituted, the door would be opened wide to the impostor and the undeserving. This is directly contrary to an Englishman's idea of freedom, and reintroduces the charity aspect of the pension programme. At the same time, any other method of administration might find the working-man taxed to provide pensions for the wealthy classes fallen on evil times through folly and extravagance.

But let us take the rosiest possible view of old-age pensions. Let us suppose that the Government devises some means (impossible as the idea is) of furnishing a pension scheme which would be of substantial use to those who have reached the age-limit of the worker. This would mean that a sum of not less than ten shillings a week was at the call of every man and woman in the kingdom when their strength gave out in old age. This must entail an expenditure of something like sixty millions per annum. Before we can contemplate such a gigantic outlay with assurance, we must be quite certain that the return, in a better and happier condition of life, was beyond doubt.

In theory the provision of Old-Age Pensions may be one which we regard with satisfaction, as the just reward of those who have spent the better part of their lives in honest toil; but in practice it has been shown that the certainty of ease and independence in old age is not instrumental in stimulating ambition in early life. It is only natural that there would spring up a large percentage of men who would be content if they could keep body and soul together until such a time as they were able to retire upon a State pension. In the thought of the years to come a man is encouraged to work to the very best of his ability if he is of willing spirit, while should he be a sluggard there is no spur to keep him at his daily task like the need of placing himself beyond want.

*Photo. Topical.*

**MOTORISTS NOT INTERESTED!**

**Perhaps the question dealt with on this page will scarcely appeal to such intrepid motorists as Mr. Huntley Walker! During last week he had two narrow escapes from death, or at least serious injury—once at Brooklands, and later in France whilst practising for the Circuit des Ardennes Race. He is shown telling the story of his escape to a group of admiring friends.**

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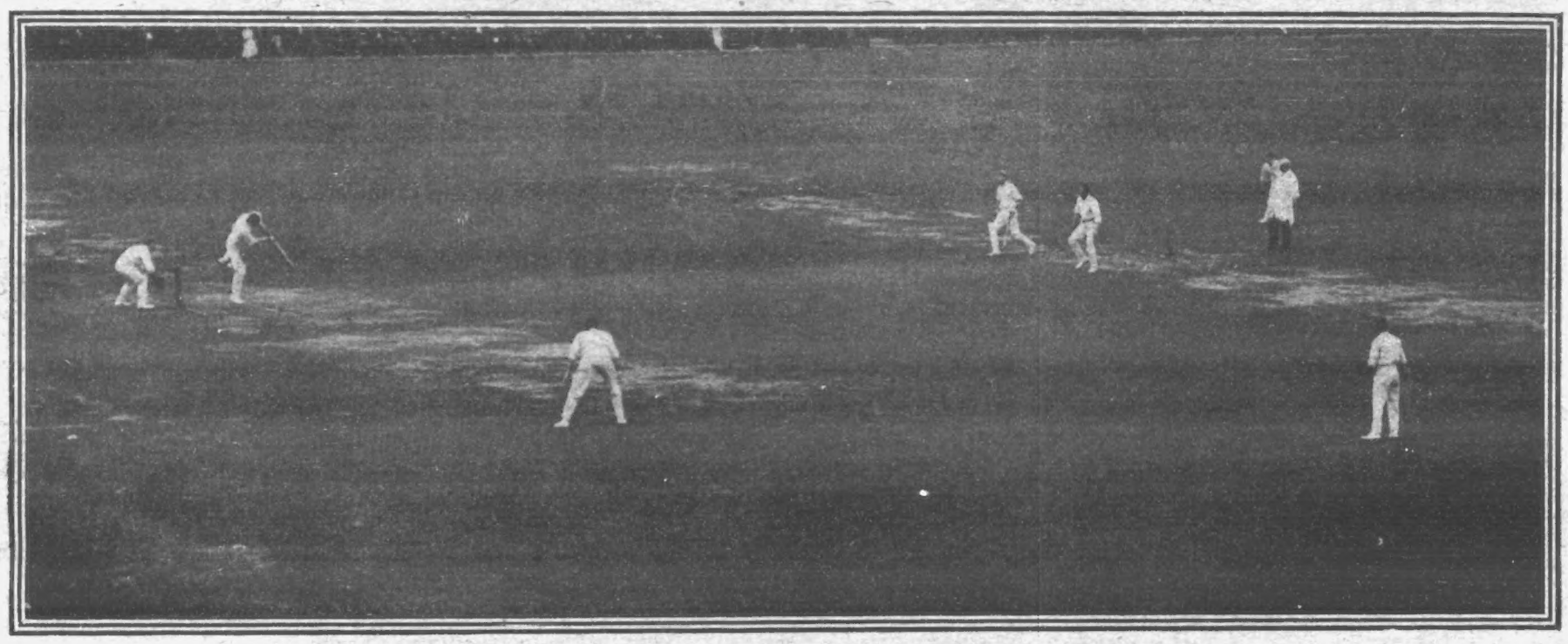
# THE WORLD OF PASTIME: THE BIG COUNTY CRICKET MATCH.



NOTTS RETAIN THEIR HUNDRED PER CENT.: WASS (NOTTS) BOWLING TO BOSANQUET AT LORD'S LAST WEEK.

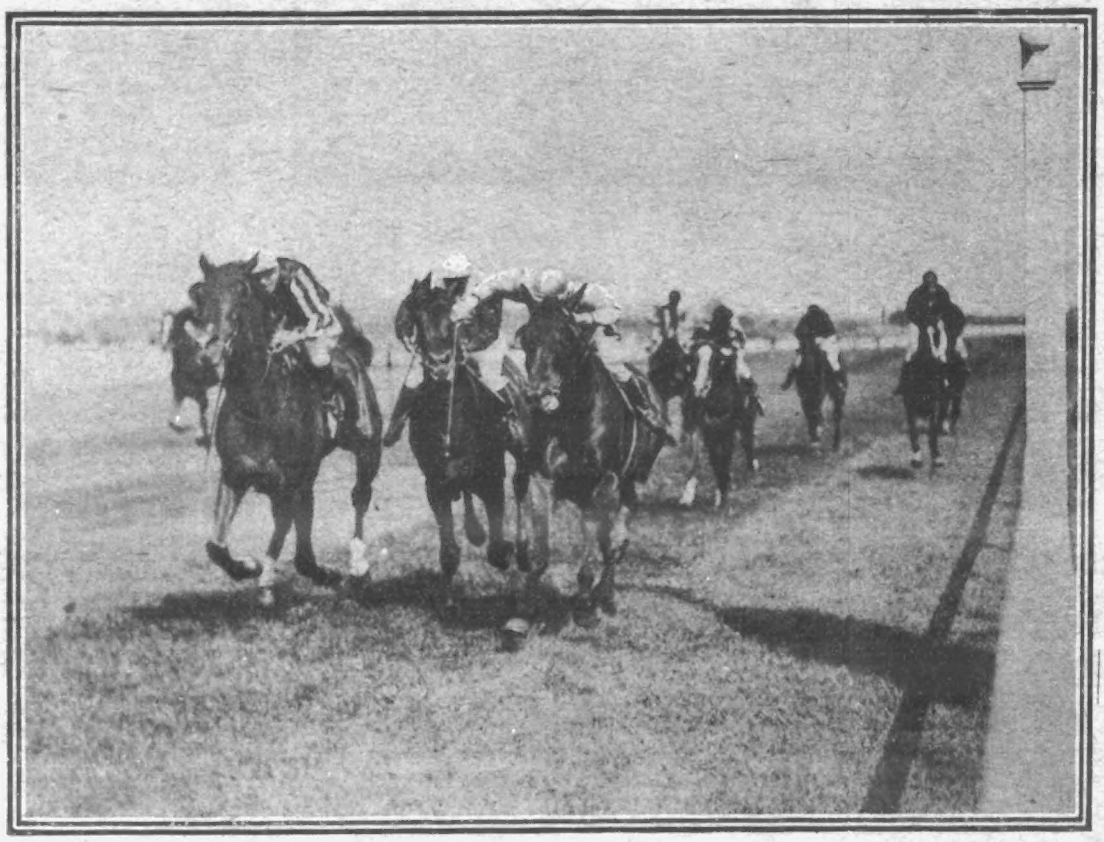
## CRICKET.

WITH the exception of the second Test match between England and the South Africans, the most interesting of recent fixtures was the match between Middlesex and Nottinghamshire at Lord's. Notts had the better record, but each side was undefeated, with the much-to-be-desired hundred per cent. The definite issue of the match meant the relegation of one of them to an inferior mark, and Middlesex, thanks to some slovenly work in the field, paid the penalty of being reduced.

It is rather difficult for even the expert properly to adjudge the merits of the county sides. The weather and the wickets have not generally given the batsmen a chance, and in the match between Middlesex and Notts a slight turn of fortune's favours might have easily worked the result the opposite way to that which was finally the outcome.

The issue has brought Notts a step nearer championship honours, and it is difficult to see how they are to lose the highest honour of the county cricket season, unless the unexpected happens. Of course, that possibility does occur now and again, but Notts, whose excellent all-round play this season fully justifies the high position they hold, should, on their form, become champions of 1907.

In the course of thirteen engagements Notts have won ten matches. Twice they have drawn with Yorkshire, and once with Lancashire. The return match with the latter county during the present month will be highly interesting, but, judging by the present state of the competition, they appear fairly safe. Other matches are with Northants, Surrey, Gloucester, and the return with Middlesex; but they are playing so well that I do not anticipate any serious setback.



THE FINISH FOR THE NEWBURY CUP.
The race ended in a dead-heat between Fugleman and Manaton.

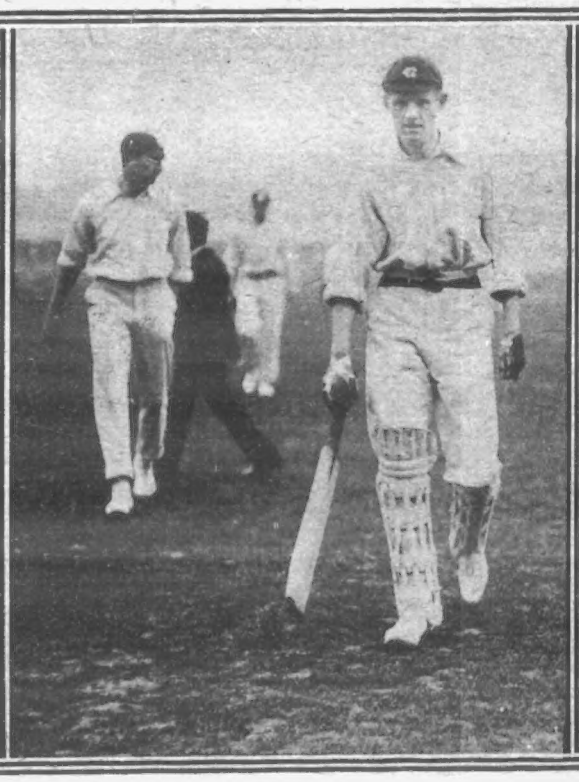
Surrey literally pulled the match with Hampshire out of the fire. Hants had the advantage of first innings, and ran up the formidable total of 345. E. M. Sprot made 125 of the runs, and on Surrey going in Hobbs contributed an equally meritorious 136. Then Hampshire replied with 215, and Surrey were set 173 runs to win. These they got for the loss of five wickets.

There was some brilliant cricket in the match between Lancashire and Warwickshire. T. S. Fishwick played a superb innings for the midland county, scoring 47 in the first innings and 85 (not out) in the second. MacLaren compiled a brilliant century for Lancashire in the first innings, and followed it with 36 at the second attempt. Tyldesley also played in his best form for 70, and it was largely due to the pair named that Lancashire gained an easy victory by seven wickets.

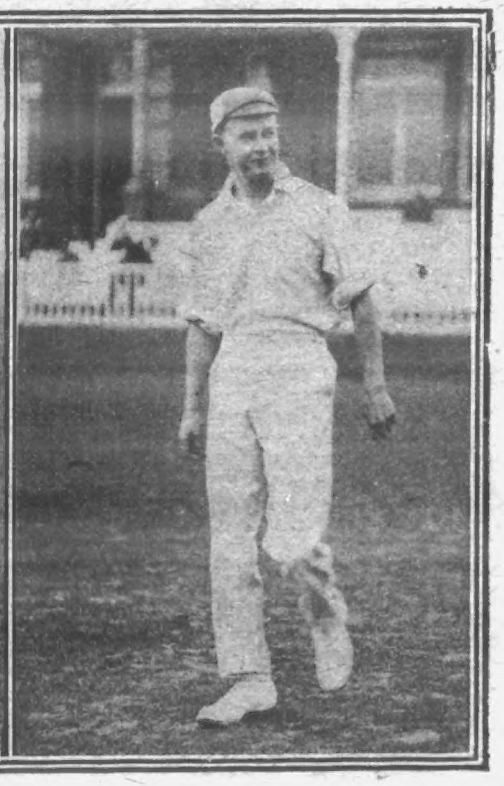
Kent, whose in-and-out form this season has made it tolerably certain that they will lose their hold on the Championship, just managed to beat Leicestershire by 31 runs, but on the form of the latter county this season it can hardly be classed as a great performance. It really seems past understanding that a side which did so brilliantly last season should have failed so unaccountably this. But there, it is one of the chief charms of cricket that no

PLAYERS AND THEIR FRIENDS AT LORD'S.

Mr. MacGregor, Captain of Middlesex, talking to some Friends.

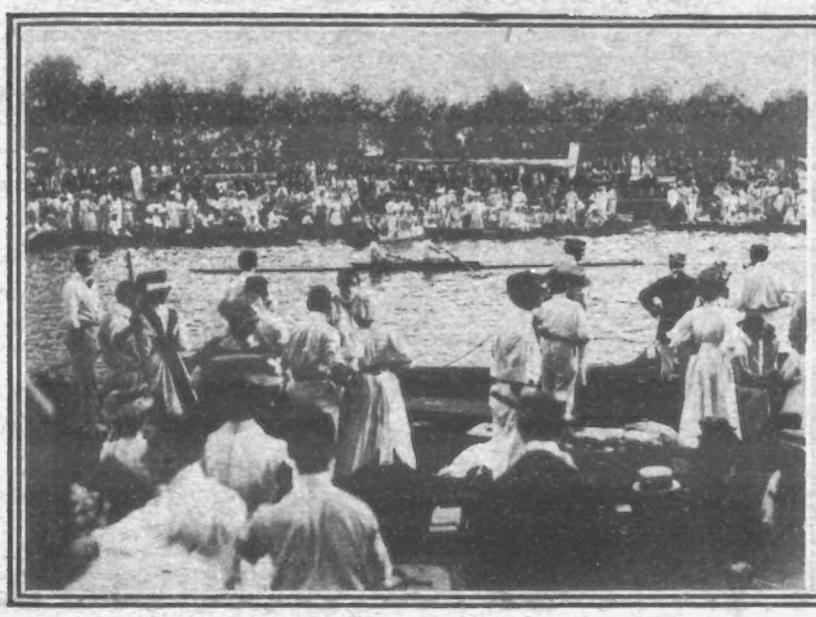


N. V. C. Turner, of Notts, coming in after making 73 runs.



P. F. Warner (Middlesex), who made a good fight for his side, hitting 66 in the first innings and 59 not-out in the second.

# SPORT ON THE RIVER: MOLESEY REGATTA AND THE PUNTING CHAMPIONSHIPS.



MOLESEY REGATTA.

Thames Rowing Club beat Kingston in the Garrick Pairs final.

THE AMATEUR PUNTING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

J. H. Secker, winner of the Single Punting.

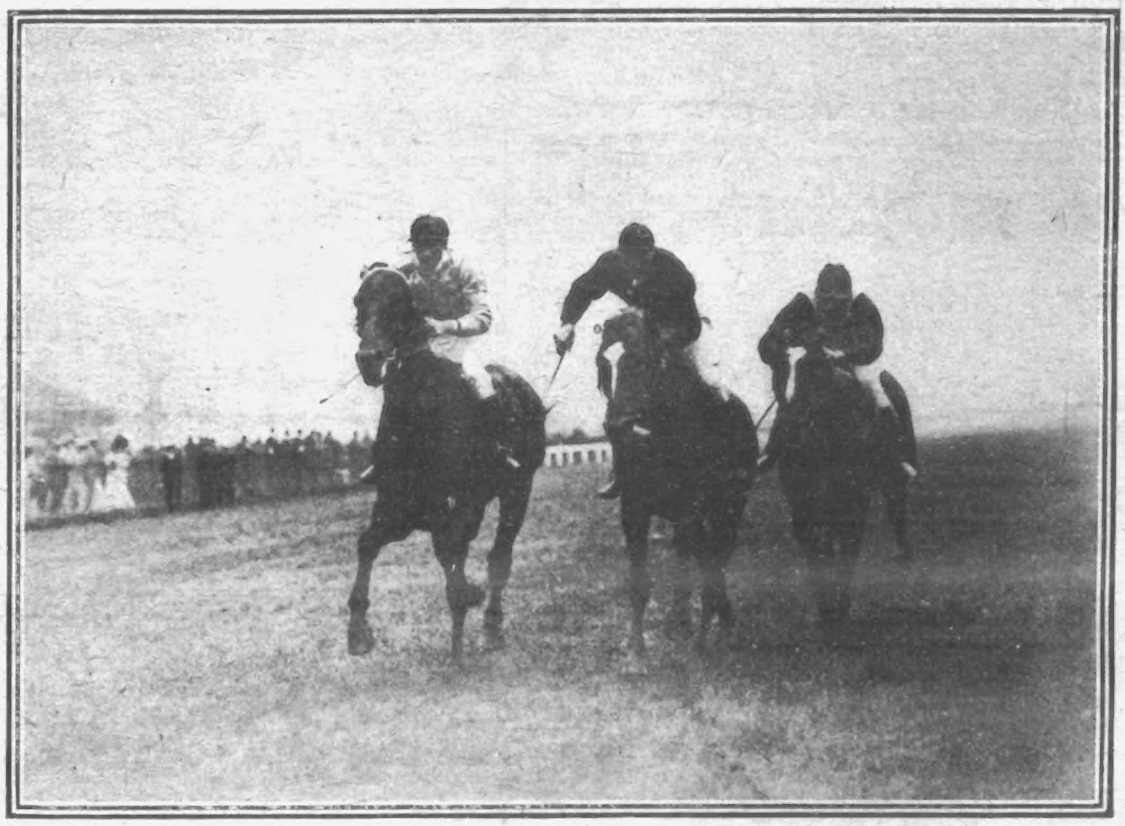
F. Covell and H. J. Jaffe, winners of the Double Punting.

one can anticipate the happenings at the end of a three days' match.

There are few, if any, better bowlers than Dennett, the Gloucestershire left-handed bowler. Against Northamptonshire he put up the fine performance of taking seven wickets in the first innings for 51 runs, and at the second attempt he dismissed eight batsmen for only 46 runs. This gave him the magnificent record of fifteen wickets for a trifle over 6 runs each—a really fine piece of work under any conditions.

A. O. Jones has been prevailed upon to captain the English team during the forthcoming tour in Australia. F. S. Jackson, R. E. Foster, and A. C. MacLaren all declined the post, but "Jonah" is fully equal to the task he has undertaken. Unfortunately, Lord Hawke cannot make the journey, as it was hoped he would be able to do.

In the Yeovil and District Senior Cricket League, the Stoke-under-Ham Club still maintain their unbroken record, having played and won nine games. On Saturday last they were at home to Barwick and Stoford, whom they defeated by 78 runs. Stoke batted first and compiled 105 runs for six wickets, and declared. R. Southcombe contributed 32 (not out), H. Chaffey 25 (not out), A. Gomm 16, S. Welsh 13. A. Smith captured three wickets for 40 runs, and E. Pollard three wickets for 39 runs. Barwick and Stoford responded by making 27, A. Smith being top scorer with 6 (not out). S. Welsh captured five wickets for 16 runs, and T. Lang four wickets for 10 runs. Crewkerne defeated the Y.M.C.A. by five wickets and 94 runs. The Y.M.'s batted first, and were all dismissed for 37 runs. J. H. Foote, 12, and S. Bowerman, 10, were the only batsmen to reach double figures. Rev. Southcombe captured five wickets for 19 runs, H. Lacey four wickets for 14 runs. Crewkerne responded by scoring 131 runs for five wickets, Rev. Southcombe scoring 57 (not out), H. Parker 44 (not out), and J. Parker 16.



THE FINISH FOR THE ATLANTIC STAKES.

Linacre won the race, which this year was chiefly remarkable for the ignominious defeat of Orby, the winner of the Derby.

## SWIMMING.

Attempts to swim the Channel have been largely a matter of advertisement during the last year or two, but the institution of the Channel Swimming Club will alter that—or, at least, reduce it to a minimum. The committee of the club has worked hard, and during the month of August they will be busy with many events, notably another attempt by M. Holbein to swim across the Channel, and a big relay race for police officers.

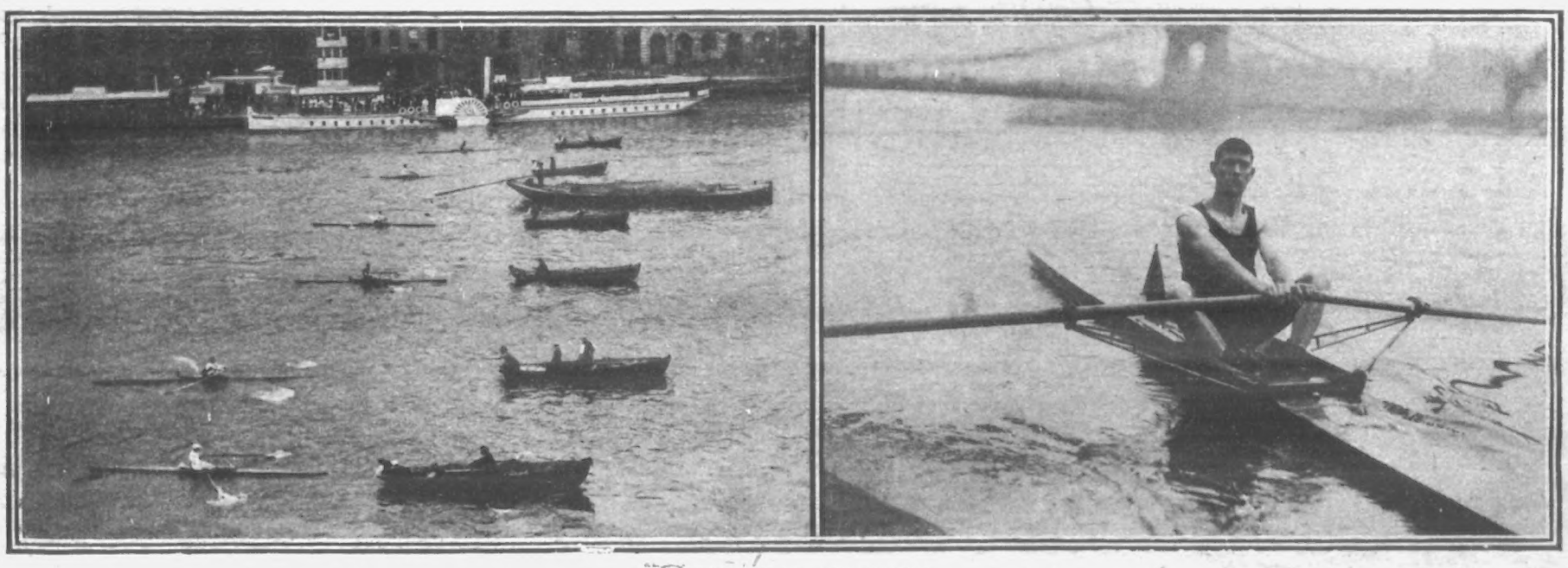
## ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

As is invariably the case in a week preceding a Bank Holiday, athletes and cyclists have taken matters quietly. The numerous meetings which are decided on the last but one of "St. Lubbock's" Festivals for the current year are sufficiently engrossing to look forward to without spending one's force a week beforehand in meetings of minor moment, so that there was nothing startling in last Saturday's programme.

I suppose that so long as the human form is frail, and the brain of man subject to the strain of excitement, spills in cycle races will continue, and any race on wheels will of necessity be attended by a certain amount of risk. All the same, there is generally a certain amount of recklessness, which is to be deplored. At the Preston North End Football Club's sports at Deepdale. H. Wilson, of Manchester, and W. E. Singleton, of Blackburn, came a very bad cropper, and were severely damaged. Otherwise the sports were rather uneventful.

A cycling record was broken at the meeting of the Army and Navy Auxiliary Athletic Club at Herne Hill. This was the standing-start record for tandems. The riders were F. G. Hamblin and H. T. Johnson, of the Putney A.C., the pair named doing 28 1-5 sec. against the old time of 29 sec., which had held the field since 1899. H. Turner, Finchley H., secured the sprint; a 550-yards open cycle handicap went to W. Lomer, Putney and Balham C.C.; H. P. Brunell, Highgate H., won the 300-yards; the walk at two miles fell to W. McLachlan, Cambridge H.; and the one-mile cycle handicap resulted in a win for C. Brooks, of the Polytechnic H.

There were several interesting open events at the Crag Valley Cycle and Motor-Cycle Club Sports. The 100-yards open flat handicap resulted in a win for E. H. Parkhurst, Herne Hill H.; the half-mile open cycle handicap was taken by F. W. Ricks, Wescombe Park C.C., who also won the two-miles; the 300-yards "open" went to R. G. Carpenter, Herne Hill H.; and W. J. Cain, Watford A.C., accounted for the half-mile open flat handicap.



DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.

This year the historic race of the lower Thames was won by Mr. Alf Cooke. Our photographs show the start, and the winner after the well-contested race.

# The INVASION of ENGLAND

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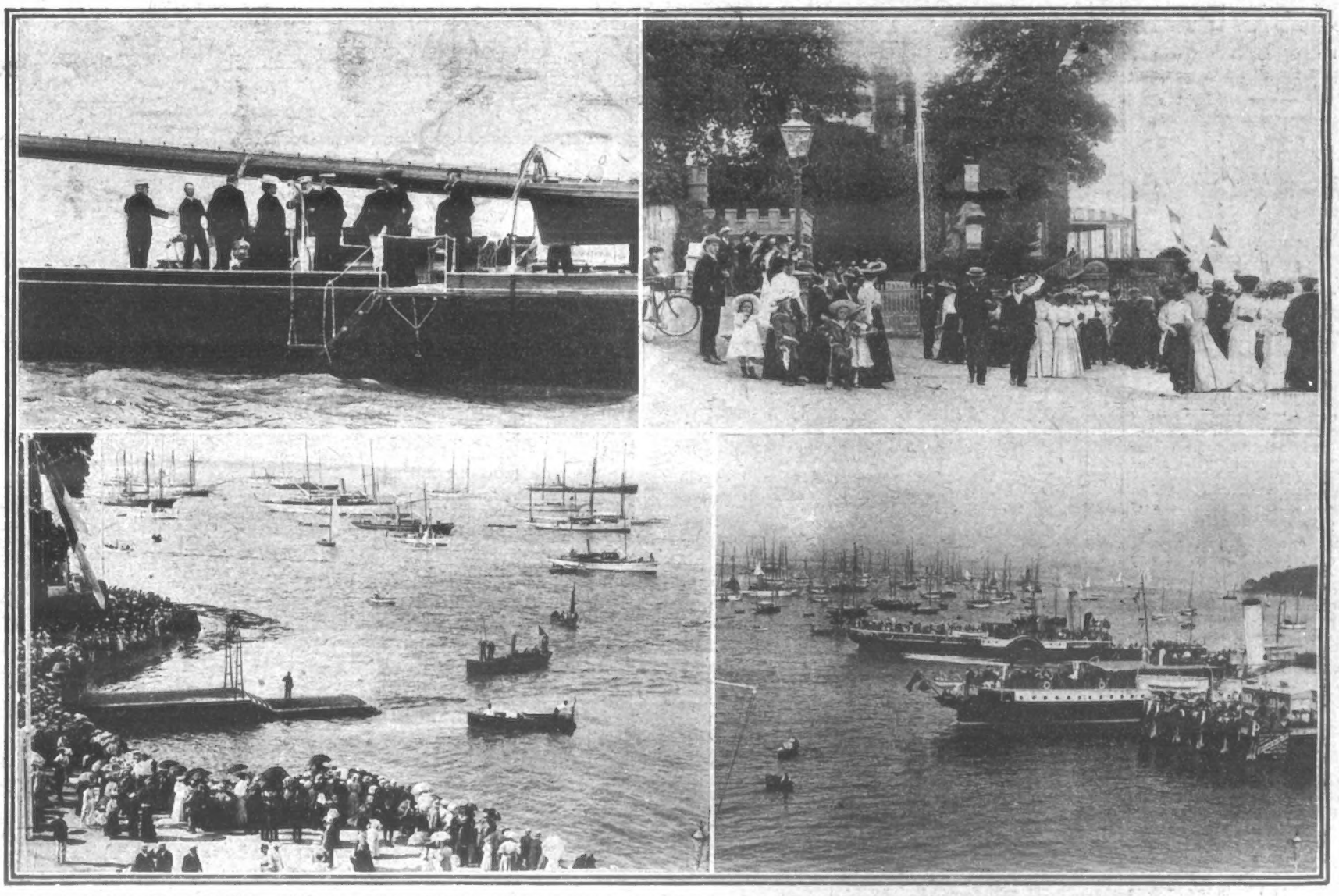
Army manœuvres have been taking place in several parts of the country last week—in fact, England has been subjected to a friendly invasion by her own troops. Our photos show, 1. Sussex Volunteers invading the grounds of Normanhurst, Lord Brassey's estate at Battle, last Saturday. 2. A trenching party entering a fort at Chatham. 3 and 6. Troops marching on Newbury. 4. Men of the Royal Horse Artillery digging trenches at Chatham. 5. The siege of Newbury—supply of meat and bread ready for troops after an all-night fight.

# SOCIETY BY THE SEA: COWES REGATTA WEEK.

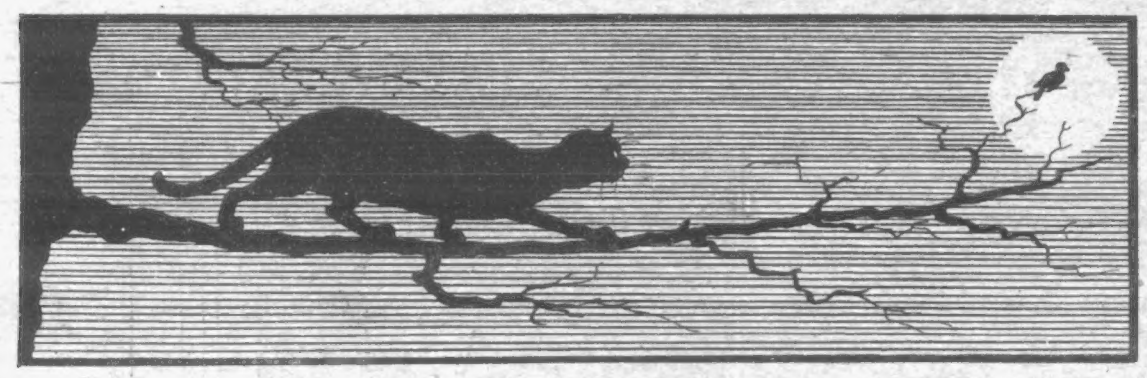
TYPES SEEN AT COWES DURING THE FAMOUS REGATTA, WHICH IS HELD NEXT WEEK.



THE KING WATCHING THE RACES FROM THE ROYAL YACHT.
THE CROWD ROUND THE ROYAL SQUADRON LANDING-STAGE.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE.
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COWES ROADS.

THE MORNING SCENE ON THE LANDING-STAGE: STEWARDS TAKING THE DAY'S PROVISIONS ABOARD.



# HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

### The Long Wait.

Bill Nye when a young man once made an engagement with a lady friend of his to take her driving on a Sunday afternoon. The appointed day came, but at the livery stables all the horses were taken out save one old, shaky, exceedingly bony horse.

Mr. Nye hired the nag and drove to his friend's house. The lady let him wait nearly an hour before she was ready, and then, on viewing the disreputable outfit, flatly refused to accompany Mr. Nye.

"Why," she exclaimed sneeringly, "that horse may die of age any moment."

"Madam," Mr. Nye replied, "when I arrived that horse was a prancing young steed."

### Made it Quits.

It was a plain, every-day case of mutual admiration. He admired the girl and she admired him. It was much more than admiration — they were in love with each other. Of course, one was more so than the other, for it cannot be otherwise, seeing that Cupid is born with one leg shorter than the other; but that is not an insuperable obstacle to matrimony. If it were, the marriage licence clerk would be compelled to retire from business. So it came to pass that he proposed to her. That seemed natural enough; but when she burst into tears, he was greatly disturbed.

"My darling," he exclaimed as she came to his arms, "what is the matter?"

"I am so superstitious," she sobbed.

"What has that got to do with your loving me as I love you?" he asked wonderingly.

"Nothing, dear," she wept.

"And you do love me, don't you?"

"More than all the world; but I cannot marry you—at least, not now."

"Why can't you?" he asked very tenderly.

"Oh, I can't tell you," and she burst into a fresh flood of tears.

For a long time he coaxed and urged her to impart her fatal secret, and for a long time she resisted all his importunities. At last she yielded.

"You will not put me out of your heart entirely if I tell you, will you?" she pleaded.

"Certainly not, my darling," was his brave reply, for men under such circumstances are not always in a hurry to take risks, even if they do love.

"It is this, darling," she said, hiding her face on his manly bosom; "you are the thirteenth man who has proposed to me, and I'm afraid to accept you with that unlucky number's baleful influence hanging over us."

With a ringing laugh, in which there was only sunshine and joy and happiness, he kissed her eighteen times and folded her in his strong arms. "That's all right, my own," he almost shouted; "you are the thirteenth girl I have proposed to, and that makes it quits."

And they lived happily ever after.—*Tit-Bits.*

### Not to be Fooled.

An old farmer and his wife started for London on a visit.

Before the couple set off they were cautioned frequently by their friends to beware of the London sharpers. They replied that they would keep their eyes open. And they started on their journey with a nervous determination to look out for sharpers and confidence men.

On the way the old farmer got off at a junction to buy some lunch, and the train went on without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife she was craning out of the car-window shouting something reproachful at him which he couldn't hear on account of the noise of the train.

It happened that an express came along a few minutes later. The old farmer boarded the express, and beat his wife to London by nearly an hour.

He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her and seized the bag.

"Well, Jane," he said, "I 'm glad to see ye again. I thought we was separated for good."

But the old lady jerked the bag from him indignantly.

"No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper," she cried, "I left my husband at the junction. Don't be comin' any of yer confidence tricks on me, or I 'll call a policeman."—*London Opinion.*

### Ambiguous.

Mistress: "Mary, didn't I hear you kiss that young man last night when he went away?"

Maid: "I hope not, mum."—*Penny Magazine.*

### Except on One Point.

A shop-assistant was showing some clocks to an Irishman, who wanted to present one to his wife on the anniversary of their marriage, and he had exhausted his entire stock, except some cuckoo-clocks on a shelf near by.

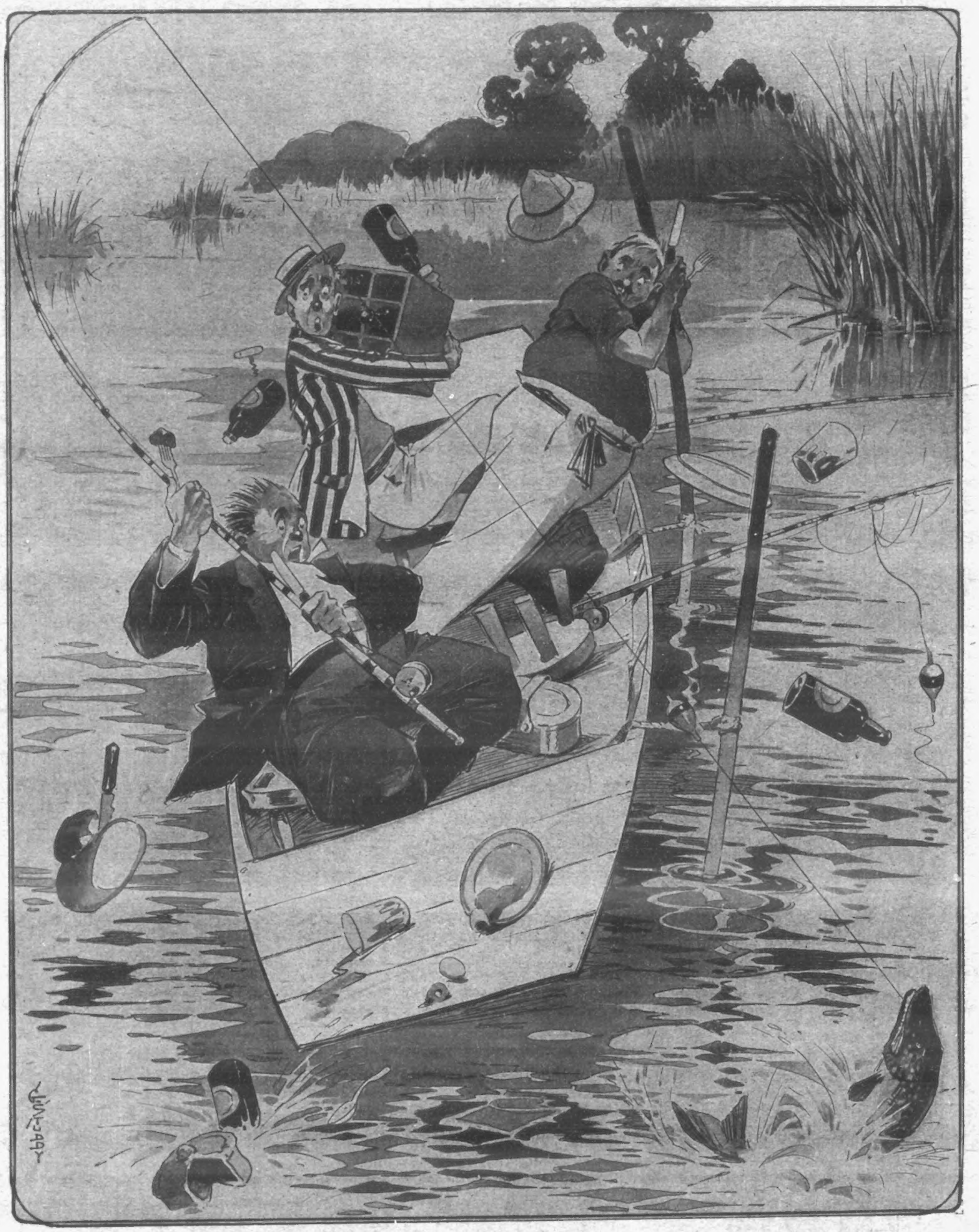
The Celt asked to see them, and the assistant took them down, thinking that at last he would make a sale. After telling Pat the price, the latter asked if they struck the hours. Instead of answering directly, the assistant wound the timepiece, and set the hands at a few seconds to twelve.

As the little door opened, Patrick's eyes bulged with interest, but when the chirping ended he plainly showed his disapproval. The man behind the counter, not to be daunted, said—

"Well, how do you like it?"

Pat thought a moment, and then replied, earnestly—

"Faith, an' it 's all right except on one point. It's trouble enough to remember how to wind it, without havin' to think of feedin' the bird."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*



## THE BITTER AND THE BITE.

**PODKINS: Hi, you fellows! Help! Help! There's something on my line!**

**PUNTER (who had settled down to beer and biscuits): Confound you, Podkins!—trust you to go and spoil a day's fishing!**

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

# THE MOTOR-BUS SMASH.

*Photo. Muggeridge.*

F. KINGSTON, THE DRIVER, WHO HAD A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE IN THE HACKNEY MOTOR-BUS ACCIDENT.

riot—the most serious since the strike began—occurred in the heart of the city on Sunday, resulting in two baton charges by the police, and the injury of a number of persons. A local agitator, named Arthur Trew, tried to address an open-air audience from the Custom House steps, the rendezvous of Sunday orators, at four o'clock this afternoon. The crowd would have none of Trew's address on religion and politics, and he gave way to a Manchester man named Oliver, who adorned himself with an orange sash before beginning his speech. He was groaned out of hearing in consequence, and this moved him to wave the sash defiantly.

Nothing could have been more ill-advised. A moment later the police were escorting Trew and Oliver to a tramcar, aboard which the men were hauled. As the car moved away the mob tried to rush the police. The latter made a baton charge, and scattered them like chaff. Hundreds of well-dressed people returning from religious services, who were waiting for cars, pressed forward curiously to see what the trouble was about.

The police could not discriminate—they simply struck at every head in sight.

The mob then split into sections, and the cracking of skulls proceeded in several side streets, where men who unwisely criticised the rioters were followed and punished—two so badly that they were found subsequently in a semi-conscious condition by the police.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BATTLE-SHIP.

**The "Bellerophon," Britain's second "Dreadnought" battle-ship, was successfully launched at Portsmouth Dockyard on Saturday, the christening and launching ceremony being performed by Princess Henry of Battenberg. Our photograph shows the Princess about to cut the cord.**

## RIOTS AT BELFAST.

### POLICE THREATEN TO STRIKE.

THE troubled city of Belfast is suffering from fresh strike complications.

Greatest of all is the growing disaffection of the Royal Irish Constabulary, now apparently spreading to other counties. A thousand constables stationed in Belfast decided last Saturday to strike in a week unless certain irreducible demands are conceded by the Government.

The striking dockers are still defiant, and further attempts to settle the carters' strike on Saturday failed. Moreover, the tramway employés have caught the fever, and at a midnight meeting last Saturday night three hundred of the five hundred motor-men and conductors employed by the Corporation decided to come out unless the Tramways Committee grants an increase in wages, which will be demanded by a delegation on Monday.

And, as though this accumulation of industrial unrest was not sufficient (says the *Express's* correspondent), a street

"Great Fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum."
Kill the lot by using Keating's Powder. Sold in tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Bellows (full), 9d.—ADVT.

*Photo. Illustrations Bureau.*

**As a Vanguard motor-omnibus was being driven round a bend in Mare Street, Hackney, on Sunday the wheels skidded on the slippery road. The omnibus described a semicircle, hit the kerb, and overturned on the footpath. As it was raining, only one passenger was travelling on top. He was thrown over a fence on to some waste land, his arm being broken, and his body suffering severe internal injury. The sixteen passengers travelling inside were all more or less injured, and the conductor suffered more than anybody.**

## BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BATTLE-SHIP.

### H.M.S. "BELLEROPHON," LAUNCHED AT PORTSMOUTH.

H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, the largest battleship in the British Navy, was launched at Portsmouth on Saturday afternoon by Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Royal salutes boomed from the gaily-dressed and manned war-ships as the Princess, who was accompanied by Prince Leopold of Battenberg, landed at the South Railway Jetty from the royal yacht *Alberta*, which had brought her over from Cowes.

A short religious service was conducted, during which an army of workmen removed the last few blocks. Then the Princess took a garlanded bottle of wine, broke it on the massive bows, and exclaimed, "I name this ship the *Bellerophon*, and I wish success to her and to all who sail in her."

Then, deftly handling the mallet and chisel, the Princess cut the cord which liberated the heavy weights. The *Bellerophon* shuddered for a second, then moved, and, gathering way, glided majestically into the water. A great cheer went up from 30,000 throats.

Although the *Bellerophon* has the same length and beam as the *Dreadnought*, to which class she belongs, she will have a displacement of 18,600 tons, against the 17,900 of the *Dreadnought*.

Her turbine engines will give her a speed of twenty-one knots, and she will embody many improvements which have been suggested by the experience of the *Dreadnought*

# THE RIOTS AT BELFAST: POLICE GUARD STREET TRAFFIC.

*Photos. Illustrations Bureau.*

**For some time past Belfast's trade has been seriously injured by the dockers' strike, and rioting has been frequent. Police or troops have had to accompany carts removing goods from the docks, and it is stated that the police are themselves disaffected. Our photographs show police guarding a motor-wagon and on duty at a railway goods depot.**

***Our Splendid Serial.*** ***Sensation and Mystery.***

# THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

## By FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," &c., &c., &c.*

CHAPTER IX. *(Continued.)*

A DEFENCE.

HAVING locked up her papers and lighted a cigarette and assumed a pair of dogskin gloves, Lady Cobbin took a silver-headed cane and walked into the outer office, looking a thorough gentleman. A stern word or two to the overgrown, underfed office-boy disposed of him, and his mistress—it would be more correct to say his master—descended the dingy stairs. At the door she found Mendle.

"It has just occurred to me," said he, when she interrupted.

"That you want another five-shillings'-worth of talk. Go on."

He ignored her pleasantry, as the matter he wished to speak about was very important. "You might see Ellen Parley," he suggested.

"Ellen Parley, the tobacconist girl in Edgware Road? What am I to say to her?"

"I leave that to your cleverness. But she should have been called as a witness. She knew Arthur."

"As a casual customer."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mendle cunningly. "You see, she is the daughter of my clerk."

Lady Cobbin flung away her half-smoked cigarette and looked thoughtful. "It sounds like another complication," she said musingly. "But we mustn't draw red herrings across the scent, Mr. Mendle. One thing at a time. I 'm off to see Miss Lane."

"But Ellen Parley?"

"I 'll look her up later. Hi! There 's a motor-cab. What is it doing in this square at the back-of-beyond?" and she waved her cane.

"Perhaps it is Sir Samuel's cab," suggested Mendle as the cab moved towards them

"Perhaps it is the great Panjarum's chariot," said Lady Cobbin good-humouredly. "You want everything to fit in like a detective story. I wish this was one with all my heart. Then I might see the end, which I certainly do not at the present moment."

When the cab was moving down Piccadilly in the direction of Kensington, Lady Cobbin rather congratulated herself upon the accident which had led her into occupying a vehicle connected with the affair she had in hand. It was a brougham-cab also, which was all the better, as she was enabled to see how Harriet Lane could have slipped down the window and murdered the chauffeur. It was quite easy, given a strong and determined woman, and a man taken by surprise, especially a weakling such as Lady Cobbin knew Arthur Gerson to be. He had worn—according to the evidence—a silk scarf doubled twice round his lean throat, on account of the chills of the night. If Miss Lane had slipped down the window to ask a question, the space would give her room to work. All she had to do was to lean forward and grip the scarf firmly, and the driver would not have been able to utter a cry. Nor, indeed, could he struggle very much. But, of course, there was the moving cab to be considered, unless something had gone wrong with the gear to induce a stoppage, or unless a stoppage had been ordered by the fare; and then—in the former case, at all events—the chauffeur would have got down to see what was wrong. Lady Cobbin thought of the methods of murder from inside the cab from every point of view, and confessed herself puzzled. Also, the question had still to be decided as to whether the assassin—either Miss Lane or another person—had intended to strangle Sir Samuel or his unlucky friend. By the time the cab arrived in Clement Street Lady Cobbin had rather bewildered herself over the mystery.

On sending up her card, along with that given to her by the lawyer, Lady Cobbin was shown up to the drawing-room, which was on the first floor. Harriet Lane was not in the room, and the visitor tried to gain information as to the lady's character by examining the room. Mendle had hinted how Miss Lane commanded the household. "Artistic," murmured Lady Cobbin to herself, "fond of colour and of beauty—in which latter case I wonder how she can love that ugly lawyer. Artistic natures are usually impulsive and passionate. Yet from what I saw of Miss Lane on the stage she did not look like a woman of that kind. Here she is. Humph! What a grey ghost!"

Harriet Lane did indeed look grey when she entered. Her tall, spare form appeared to be more gaunt than ever, and there was a nervous look in her brown eyes. She looked composed, but the eyes betrayed her, as did the room. Lady Cobbin, uttering conventional phrases, found herself wondering if this woman really had the iron will she was reported to possess. Gerson had told her of Miss Lane, and so had Mendle, but it seemed to the visitor that both had judged her within the limitations of the male sex. Lady Cobbin summed her up differently. "Romantic, weak-willed, but self-controlled," considered the visitor, "and only strong because she had not met with violent opposition. Being the elder, and having a severe face, she has been cockered up into being a tyrant."

While Lady Cobbin's thoughts ran thus, she was talking in an entirely different way, and condoling with Miss Lane on her loss. "Of course, I really should not have called so soon after the death of your dear brother," said Lady Cobbin glibly, "but Mr. Mendle is such an old friend of mine that I really thought that I might take the liberty. And, indeed, as the card will show, Mr. Mendle suggested that I should call in order to see what could be done in the way of comfort."

This somewhat patronising and decidedly insolent speech coming from a

*Photograph by "Leslie's Weekly.*

**A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE: AN AMERICAN MACHINE TO WHICH A PARALLEL WAS FOUND BY THE PEKING-PARIS MOTORISTS IN CENTRAL ASIA.**

The subject of the photograph is the last horse-ferry on the Mississippi. The raft is propelled by stern-wheel paddles driven by horse-power, the horses pulling levers on the deck exactly like the old-fashioned Scotch threshing-mill. The Peking-Paris motorists found a similar machine in use in Central Asia.

stranger was resented by Miss Lane, for her colour rose and her eyes flashed. This was exactly the effect which the inquiry agent wished to produce. If Miss Lane lost her temper, there would be a very much better chance of getting at the truth, as she would be less on her guard. On the impulsiveness of the artistic temperament Lady Cobbin desired to act.

"It is good of Mr. Mendle to suggest your coming to comfort myself and my sister," said Harriet quietly, and still with the frightened look in her eyes; "but I think he has made a mistake. We need no comfort from strangers."

"I am sorry," said Lady Cobbin coolly; "perhaps I had better withdraw."

"If you have discharged the *real* errand upon which you came."

The other woman looked straightly into the brown eyes before her, and saw in them a look which gave her a clue. "You seem to doubt my errand of comfort," she observed quietly.

"I should think that your business left you small time to comfort those in sorrow," said Miss Lane gravely.

"My business?" Lady Cobbin wondered if she had given the right card.

"Yes. And—pardon me—am I to address you as Lady Cobbin or as Milady? That is, are you here in a private or a business capacity?"

"In both capacities," said the other, secretly astonished that this demure grey woman should have found out her identity. "I can guess that Mr. Mendle has spoken of me to you."

"No. It was my brother—my half-brother who spoke of you."

"Ah!" Lady Cobbin drew a long breath. "Did he tell you how he became acquainted officially with me?"

"I see no need to answer that question. And I should like to know why you have come here so inopportunely?"

"Certainly," said Milady, for she was Milady now. "I want to know how you managed to kill your half-brother from the inside of the cab."

## CHAPTER X.

### A SURPRISE VISIT.

If Harriet Lane was grey to look at before, she was doubly grey after Lady Cobbin made her quiet little speech. She made no outcry; she did not move from where she was standing—indignation at her visitor's assurance had prevented her taking a seat—but stood as still as any stone. Yet from the quiver which passed over her, from the amazed and terrified look in her eyes, Milady became more certain than ever that she had to deal with a weak woman. And she was correct in her surmise. Hitherto, Harriet, not having met with pronounced opposition, had been accustomed to laying down the law without contradiction. Thus she had gained a reputation for being clever and strong. In reality, she was but a lath painted to resemble iron, and the lath bent when strongly grasped. Nevertheless, she made a fight for her mask.

"I don't understand what you mean," she said quietly; but her eyes avoided those of the visitor, and she trembled as with cold.

"I think you do," rejoined Lady Cobbin quite as quietly, and put up her eye-glass to quell any attempt at evasion.

"My half-brother was murdered by some person or persons unknown."

"So the jury said at the inquest. I don't agree with the use of the plural, since the cab was the stage upon which the tragedy was enacted and necessarily is limited as to space. One person killed Arthur Gerson, and that person——" Lady Cobbin broke off with a smile. "Will you not sit down, Miss Lane? We can talk more comfortably."

"I do not intend to talk at all," said Harriet, striving to regain her former courage and composure. "What right have you to——"

"The right of Mr. Mendle's agent. He has engaged me to learn who killed that unfortunate boy, and I have come to you to ask questions."

Miss Lane clenched her hands indignantly. "Does Mr. Mendle suspect me?"

"On the contrary," said Milady soothingly, "he defended you when I made the accusation."

"Then you have discussed me?" cried Harriet, still indignant.

"Thoroughly — in connection with the crime. And I must admit that I first brought your name into the discussion. Also I insisted that Mr. Mendle should give me a card of introduction to you. He did so very unwillingly, as he has a true regard for your sterling character."

"I have no wish to hear what Mr. Mendle thinks of me."

"My dear," said the other insolently, "you had better tell that to a man—to the man himself, if you choose. But to think that a woman can be deceived—oh, my dear Miss Lane."

"What do you mean? How dare you? Leave the house!"

Lady Cobbin rose. "Certainly—for Scotland Yard."

Harriet's trembling legs refused to sustain her any longer, and she sank into the nearest seat. "For what purpose?" she gasped.

"To get out a warrant for your arrest."

"I have done nothing to make you even hint at such a thing," cried Harriet desperately.

"I think otherwise."

"Upon what grounds?"

"Upon the very excellent grounds that you drove to the City on the night of the murder in Sir Samuel Embers's cab. Whether or no you knew that your brother was driving, I cannot say. Probably you did."

"I did not," said Miss Lane, off her guard, and Lady Cobbin pounced on the admission conveyed in the speech.

"My dear Miss Lane, I have presented my credentials. I am simply an inquiry agent, engaged by Mr. Mendle to search for the assassin of Mr. Arthur Gerson."

"I understand all that"—Harriet clutched at her smooth brown hair. "You do not see what I mean. On what ground do you suspect me?"

"You left the Piccadilly Theatre on the night of the murder some time after ten o'clock, and entered the cab in question to drive to the City. Am I right?"

"If I admit it, what then?"

"Your admission will go a long way towards proving your innocence, Miss Lane, since a guilty person would deny everything. Well?"

"I was in the cab," murmured Harriet, with a drooping head, "but I do not understand how you came to know."

Lady Cobbin nodded good-humouredly, pleased at having scored a point, as she assuredly had, by gaining such an admission. "I asked Mrs. O'Toole, to whom you spoke."

"What made you question Mrs. O'Toole?"

"I did so for several reasons, but the only one which it is needful for you to know is, that I am aware that she is the mother of the boy, who knows the truth."

"You mean Paddy?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

Harriet nodded. "I have given him money at times for getting me a cab when returning from the theatre. I know Mrs. O'Toole also. She pointed out Sir Samuel's cab to me on the night you mention."

"So she told me. Then you crossed over and entered it, telling the chauffeur to drive to the City."

"Why do you say the chauffeur?" asked Miss Lane irrelevantly.

"Because I can't say if you spoke to Sir Samuel or to your brother."

"I spoke to my brother, thinking that he was Sir Samuel."

"You can swear to that?" asked Lady Cobbin with a piercing look.

Harriet's eyes met those of the inquiry-agent frankly. "I am telling you the truth," she said, now more composed; "you have learned so much that I must tell you everything. And I confess that my journey to the City in the cab is likely to be misconstrued, if the police come to know of it."

"That is all right," said Milady, patting Miss Lane's hand again; "the police can only know of it through me, and I shall say nothing."

"Then you believe me to be innocent," said Harriet, once more.

"I shall tell you what I believe, if you will confess that you love Mr. Mendle," parried Lady Cobbin, skilfully.

Harriet looked down nervously. "I do love him."

*"I want to know how you managed to kill your half-brother from the inside of the cab."*

"Then you confess to having driven in the cab on that night?"

"I confess to nothing. I refuse to speak."

"Very good. Then the police—" Milady moved towards the door.

Harriet rose with sudden strength and ran after her. "For heaven's sake, no!" she said, in a choking voice, and laid hold of the departing woman's dress. "Sit down—let us talk. If you are here to arrest me—if you——"

"No, no," purred Lady Cobbin, leading the terrified creature to a seat and patting her hand, "I have no warrant for your arrest, and I very much doubt if I could obtain one."

"Then you believe me to be innocent?" said Harriet hoarsely.

Lady Cobbin shrugged her shoulders. "That will entirely depend upon what you tell me," said she; "but, mind, I must hear the truth, as I am very quick in seeing attempted deception."

"But on what grounds do you question me?"

"In that case, I am quite sure that you are innocent."

"Why?"

"Because of the absence of any motive to commit the crime. You would not kill your half-brother to make the man you love lose money."

"How do you know?" said Miss Lane unexpectedly. "I might be of a jealous nature."

"Are you jealous?"

"Very. Lewis—that is, Mr. Mendle—loves Belinda, my half-sister, and is indifferent to me. Out of jealousy, I might have killed Arthur to punish the man I love."

"Humph!" said Lady Cobbin, more to herself than to her auditor. "Now I am absolutely certain that you are innocent. The guilty person does not supply motives for his villainy, as a rule."

"There is an exception to every rule," said Miss Lane quickly.

*(To be continued.)*

## "P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

**An Introduction to Barrie.**

MISS GRACE LANE, who is the heroine of the new play at the St. James's—or rather the two heroines, Stacey Trevor-Coke and Anastasia Coke—made her very first success in the part of Babbie in J. M. Barrie's "The Little Minister." And her eventual introduction to the author was of a decidedly amusing description. One night, says a writer in *M.A.P.*, at a Stoke Newington theatre, her manager told her that Mr. —— was coming round to see her "at the end of the act." She did not catch the name, and simply thought that a representative of the local paper was seeking a "chat" with her. "Very well," she answered, and gave the matter no more thought. At the end of the act she found the manager and a small, delicate-looking man awaiting her; and without stopping for an introduction, Miss Lane started talking nineteen to the dozen, that she might get the "interview" over and take a little rest in her dressing-room before the next act. "I hope you are enjoying the play," she said, when she had finished giving the astonished young man a long account of her private history and her early professional career. "Oh, yes," he answered. "Don't you think it is a very pretty play?" she asked. "Quite a pretty play," said the strange young man "with the delicate air." "Did you see it at the Haymarket?" was the next question. "Oh, yes," came the answer: "I saw quite a lot of it at the Haymarket. You see, I wrote it."

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**Blank Verse at His Majesty's.**

Mr. Oscar Asche will open His Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday, Sept. 4, with the somewhat anxiously awaited new play by Mr. Laurence Binyon, called "Attila." This is a blank-verse play in four acts, set in and about the ramparts of the kingdom of the Hun, in the valley of the Danube. Authorities differ as to its precise location. Budapest is said to mark its site, but the story of Attila is so wrapped in legend and romance that his history is scarcely distinguishable from fable. He flourished in the fifth century (434-453 A.D.). Mr. Binyon has steeped himself in the Burgundian and Germanic legends that cluster round the name of this Hun, and derives his play from the last two or three days of his life.

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**Miss Phyllis Dare.**

Miss Phyllis Dare begins her first provincial tour in musical comedy at Harrogate next Saturday. Then she will be seen as Peggy in "The Dairymaids," in which she is to sing new numbers specially composed for her by Mr. Paul Rubens. At Christmas she will be the Cinderella of Mr. Courtneidge's pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, when she will be associated with Miss Carrie Moore as the Prince and Mr. Dan Rolyat as the Baron. Next spring Miss Phyllis Dare will appear in London in the leading part of a new musical play upon which Mr. Courtneidge is already engaged.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES

It is impossible to take too much care of one's eyes, and those who value their eyesight will do well to send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for a little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight," which tells the story of a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelashes, and eyelids. SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT has proved its virtues during 300 years, and it may be obtained of all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each.

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# The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

THIS is the season of the year when the much-tried housewife has to exercise all her ingenuity to provide not only dainty and appetising meals for the family, but to set them forth in an attractive manner. In summer weather the busy inhabitants of great cities are apt to have jaded palates. Meal-times are no longer looked forward to with all the zest of healthy appetite. No, there is more often dejection at the sight of food, and one hears on all sides expressions of thankful anticipation for the summer holiday which shall restore the flagging energies. Then, of course, the good housekeeper sets to work to tempt these languid appetites, and, in spite of difficulties of temperature, will contrive a table laid with dishes calculated to appeal to the most fastidious.

**The Housekeeper's Problem.**

The table-linen, first of all, must be spotless—nothing is more likely to destroy any inclination for breakfast or dinner than a dingy and spotted cloth. Above all, the breakfast-table should be an attractive picture, so that a desire to do justice to the provender should be immediately felt on seeing it. There should always be flowers as a centrepiece. They are so cheap and plentiful under most circumstances, and, with a little care and fresh arrangement, will last a few days. Remember that fresh flowers should always find first place on the dining-table, afterwards being relegated to any other sitting-room, since anything which bears the smallest association to food should be irreproachable. Dainty yet substantial dishes form the best menu for the summer breakfast. Omelettes or eggs cooked in some novel way, fish-cakes or tomato savouries, are appetising and nourishing. Fruit, too, is extremely beneficial; and, arranged amid green leaves, makes quite an ornamental addition. Where natural foliage is not obtainable to envelop the fruit, paper doylies with the colour and form of leaves can be bought very cheaply by the dozen. For lunch or midday dinner, blancmanges flanked with pretty-coloured jellies are the best possible sweets, and are so easy to prepare. Stewed fruits and custard or cream and fruit salads are also much appreciated. The menu should be brief and simple, both for the sake of the weary housekeeper and the health of the household. The chief points to be noted are the weather and what food articles are at their best at the moment, and how to serve them in the most judicious manner.

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**To Regulate the Oven.**

If the temperature of the oven should at any time prove too high for the purpose required, it can quickly be reduced to the desired heat by placing a bowl of cold water in it.

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**Spots on Your Blouse.**

To remove grease marks from light or delicate fabrics, make a paste of fuller's earth and spread over the spot. Leave until dry, then brush off with a clean clothes brush.

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**A Nice Lemon Pudding.**

A nice lemon pudding may be made as follows: One pound of grated bread-crumbs, eight ounces of finely chopped suet, eight ounces of sifted sugar, the grated rind of two lemons and the juice of one mixed with two well-beaten eggs. After thoroughly mixing these ingredients, put into a well-buttered basin, tie down with buttered paper, then tie a cloth over and boil for three hours. Serve with sweet sauce to which has been added a little lemon flavouring. Instead of boiling, the pudding may be steamed for an hour and a half if preferred and is improved by this method, as it is rendered lighter and more digestible thereby.

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**To Save Elbow Grease.**

A good home-made furniture polish is made by putting two ounces of wax in a stone jar on the stove, when melted add four ounces of pure turpentine, stir until cool, when it will be found ready for use.

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**To Keep Milk-Jugs Sweet.**

Milk-jugs should always be carefully washed, but more especially just now, when so much difficulty is experienced in keeping milk fresh for even a short time. As soon as any milk-receptacle is emptied, it should be filled with cold water and carefully scalded later on. If filled with hot water too soon, the creamy deposit will harden and become more difficult to remove. Jugs, too, in which lemonade or other summer beverages are prepared constantly day after day need almost as careful attention as milk-jugs. If the jug is not thoroughly cleansed after each brew, or if a new brew is made on the top of an old one, so that some of the juice or peel is mingled, the result will probably be a most unpleasant flavour of overripe fruit.—In making lemonade, every brew should be kept quite distinct in the making, though there is no harm in mingling a weak second brew with a fresh one, provided they have both been strained off. Once mingling, however, is all that should be allowed, as a few drops of stale lemonade, carried forward from time to time, could effectually spoil every fresh brew.

**Economical Lemonade.**

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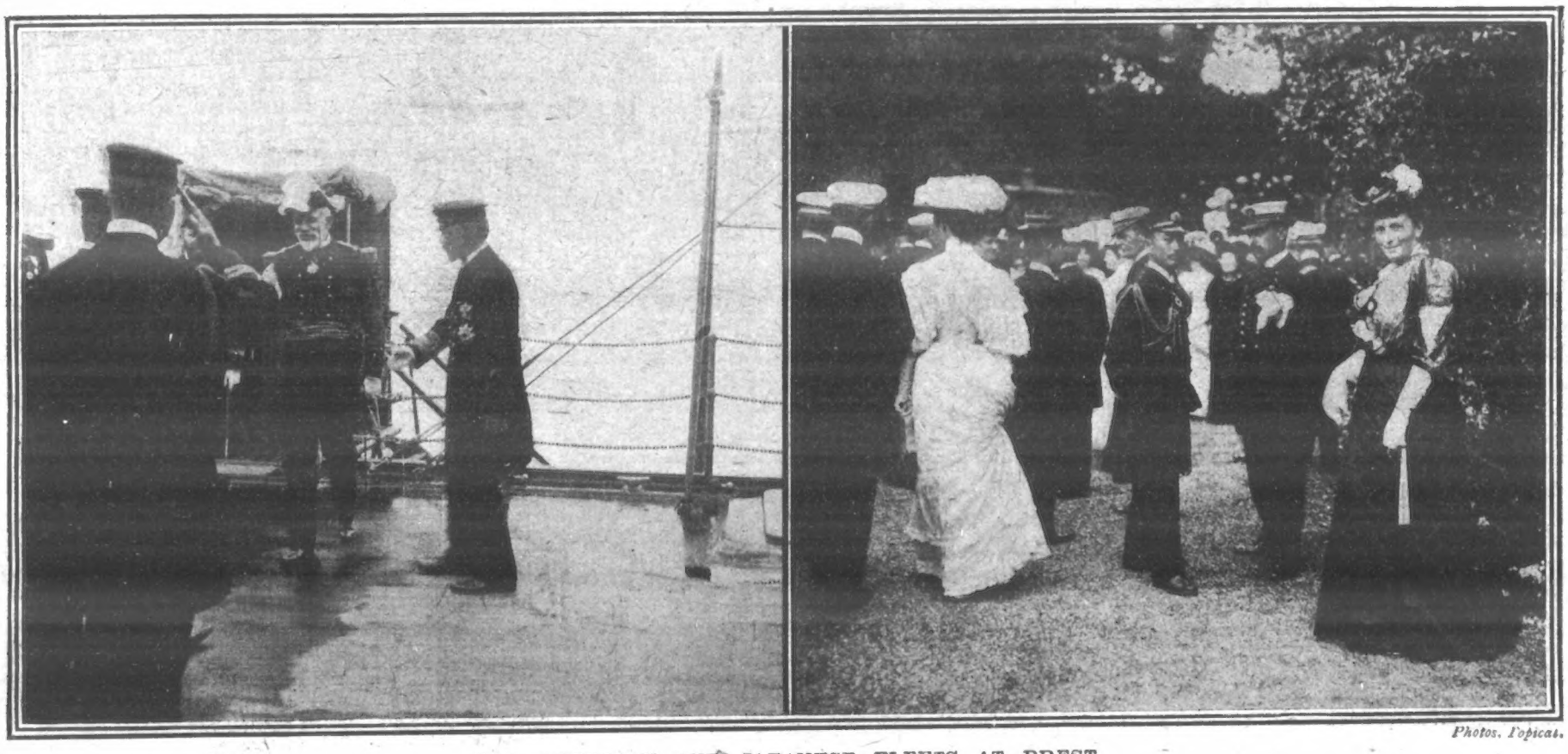
**Dainty Underlinen.**

Lingerie ribbon may be bought very advantageously just now. An all-silk-satin ribbon, that is to say a satin ribbon with a silk back, always looks handsome, but the most serviceable is a washing silk ribbon. Baby ribbon of this description, suitable for threading in lingerie, should be bought by the dozen yards or the piece of eighteen yards. Pale pink and pale blue are the colours most to be recommended, though there are many blondes who are attracted by mauve. Mercerised lawn, which can be bought very cheaply just now, makes up into dainty summer underwear, and looks particularly well in the above three colours. Wide ribbon beadings are greatly in vogue, as adding a smart appearance to otherwise simple lingerie. Where a beading cannot be afforded, slits for the ribbon can be made and button-holed, and the ribbon threaded through. This is very effective in a chemise of Empire shape. Knickers can be trimmed by a flounce of material, the edge of the flounce scalloped and worked in button-hole stitch. This will save any expenditure in lace or embroidery, and if the flounce is opened at each side and a spray of flowers worked in the corners a very charming effect is gained. A wide ribbon can head the top of the flounce by being run through button-holed slits in the manner described.

A SIMPLE BUT PRETTY AND USEFUL COSTUME FOR THE LATE SUMMER.

# DOES THIS LOOK LIKE WAR?



*Photos. Topical.*

THE AMERICAN AND JAPANESE FLEETS AT BREST.

**Ugly rumours have been rife lately that America and Japan were on the verge of war; but happily they have been contradicted, and the above scenes at Brest last week, when the officers and men of the two fleets fraternised, both afloat and ashore, appear absolutely to confirm the denial of those in authority. Our first photograph shows the American Admiral being received on board the Japanese flag-ship: and the second a garden-party at the Prefecture, at which both American and Japanese officers were present.**

# 'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

AUG. 3 TO 9.—The summer is going on apace, as the gardener is reminded by his shortened evenings, but there is still a wealth of bloom, and the harvesting of crops should be in full swing. In dry weather you will find your peas and runner-beans grateful for a prolonged soaking with water occasionally, though this task has this season been a very light one so far. My plans for this week are little different from those of other weeks at this the heyday of summer, but among other work I continue to gather herbs for storing after drying, to layer and take cuttings from carnations and pinks, and to gather the ripened seeds I need for next year, and carefully put them away. In the flower borders a good deal of thinning is necessary to get first-class blooms, and a certain number of weak, weedy dahlias and chrysanthemums (to give examples) need pinching out. This thinning might well be practised more by the amateur who seeks quality above mere quantity. A sowing of spring cabbage may well be made during the first two weeks in August, when the plants will be found strong and hardy before severe weather sets in. Raspberry-canes and the shoots of the loganberry, from which the fruit has been gathered, may well be cut down now; such cutting will cause the young wood for the next crop to grow quicker and ripen better. If a moist day or two comes this week, I shall take the opportunity of moving seedlings to a nursery bed—wallflowers, Canterbury bells, hollyhocks, and so on, that were sown last month. You will, of course, bear in mind my remarks concerning the strawberry bed; the making of next year's bed may be put in hand at once.

**My Garden Plans.**

**Black-Currants.**

Chiefly owing to the mite, black-currants seem to increase in price every year, and the supply has not equalled the demand for many years past. In my own case, I have a completely new stock of bushes, and, with care, I have quite avoided mite so far, and am gathering an excellent crop. If amateurs would only take the drastic step of burning their old bushes that are probably smothered with blight, and replace them with healthy new stuff, their reward for pluck would speedily follow. Only a few days ago a paragraph appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* to the effect that "the public have paid a shilling a pound for home-grown black-currants in quantity. In fact, tons of these fruits have been disposed of in the markets at the rate of 48s. a bushel. Such a price has not been secured for many years. All round, in every market, the demand for these currants has exceeded the supply tenfold. Kentish growers in many instances have had such persistent orders for fruit for the seaside that they have disposed of all their stocks without sending a pound to Covent Garden Market this season."

**Preparations for the Autumn.**

A few days ago I hied me to the local nursery and selected some ivy plants and one or two trees I shall be needing in the autumn. Going so early, I found the stock at its largest and best, and my name is now affixed to my selections, whilst the nurseryman will await my ultimate instructions for delivery. In the meantime not a penny has changed hands over the transaction. I commend this custom to the ardent gardener. For instance, during the season, one notices in a friend's garden a particular rose or some other specially striking growth. A few notes from time to time, an early visit to the nursery, or a postal communication to some well-known firm, and the deed is done. The moment suitable autumn weather sets in a postcard will bring the plants, shrubs, or trees to your door. By the way, the bulb-merchant is beginning his autumn advertisement campaign already, and it is none too early to commence preparing a list of bulbs required. Here, again, orders may be given for the purchases to be delivered at a stated time, and once more the old adage, "the early bird gets the worm" will justify its existence.

*Photo. Halftones.*

A DAINTY HAYMAKER.
A pretty scene on a Canadian farmstead.

**Poultry and Hot Weather.**

Hot weather is very trying to all kinds of poultry, and plenty of shade should be provided for the heat of the day. The diet just now should be by no means a heavy one, and fresh green food is particularly necessary. I need hardly emphasise the importance of constant clean drinking-water, and a well-ventilated, thoroughly cleansed sleeping-place. Too much care cannot be bestowed upon these points by the poultry-keeper who would be successful. It is in details of this nature that the secret lies of profitable or unprofitable stock.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

J. W. B.—I have often heard it said that guinea-fowls do not succeed in damp places, and this may account for your difficulty. Under favourable circumstances the bird can, no doubt, be made to pay.

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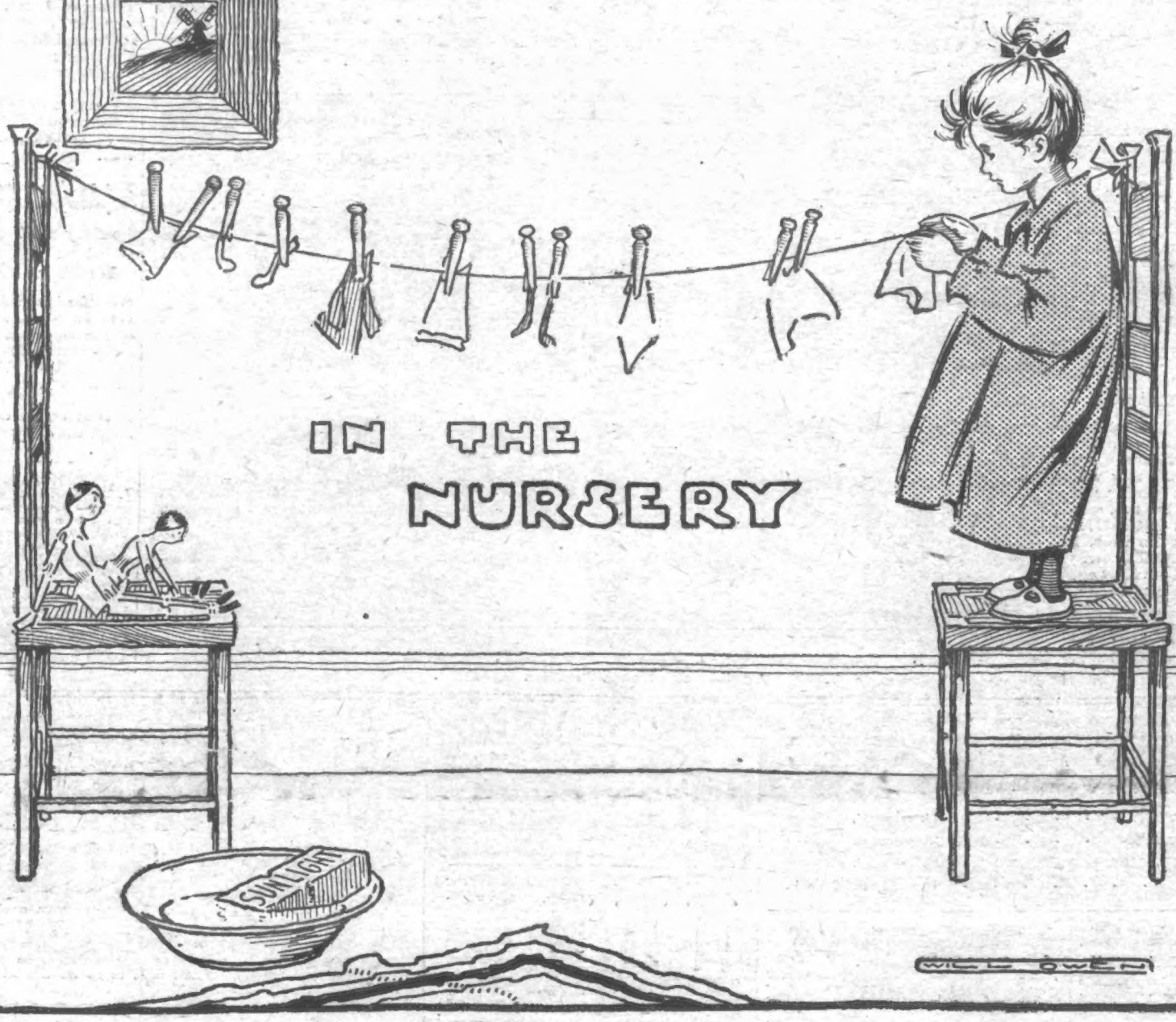


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